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Jos. M. Freedman, Atty,
Lyceum Theatre Bldg,
Memphis, Tenn.

~~Tues~~day May 17-16.

My dear, precious Joe: ——

Yesterday, did I receive a big wonderful letter from the most wonderful sweetheart of mine? and did I enjoy reading it every one of the million times that I did? Um——, did I? And what do you suppose, Joe, this sweetheart of mine asked me — do I love him anymore. Asked me this — when I love him more than anything in this world — judging from the constant longing pain in my

I can hardly understand the mix up in the mail. If you received the 10th, 11th and 12th in one day, then on the two days previous you were "mailless". And yet you only mentioned in one letter about it. Oh well, I suppose you are "gooder" than I am, but it only proves that I love you more than you do me. However your letter of Saturday arrived on time Monday — but last week surely was mixed up.

I am extremely sorry about your eyes — but still, whether you hate your glasses or not, you

heart — too much. I miss you, long for you and love you more than I ever dreamed possible. Even when I am busy at the dispensary I think of you, wonder what you are doing and then send a kiss. Perhaps it is because you are so far away but it seems as though the messenger forgets to come back with mine. Or maybe — most probable — you don't send it. Did tell me that you do, and that you love me, cause I, too, am so terribly, dreadfully and awfully lonesome.

should wear them — I wear them continually — otherwise your eyes will be so bad that when you come home you won't be able to recognize me. Do wear them, please Joe, until your eyes feel better; otherwise you are going to have a pretty sore pair of eyes — and how could I love you then? with red, trouble looking eyes? But if you wear them when you should, before long you can leave them off entirely. Yes, I guess you "settled" the green eye shade question" because you expressed your feelings so strongly and emphatically that there could be little doubt in my mind. Nevertheless, I was going to send you one just to tease you. But do, honeybunch, take care of them.

As for Rose, she certainly is working hard — too hard. Of course, she doesn't like Pharmacy! Do you call her position a pharmacist's? I surely am glad that in three months she expects to leave finally and once she passes the State Board she will truly realize what Pharmacy is.

going to feel differently. So far she has accomplished more than any-other of your young lady alma mater's. For, to practice in Penn. does one have to pass the Penn. State Board of Pharmacy or does the very fact that they are New Yorkers satisfy them. You know that is some rep. as to your ability, and knowledge and I really think that enough to suffice them.

Had a fine time at your house last Thursday and found everyone well and happy. Your father came

As a junior one can't be too particular or expect too much, - but when one is registered - then — your practice pharmacy. Rose tells me she enjoys going to this store in the evening; but I told her if she finds it too hard, why, to go down two or three nights instead of the four. I am afraid after the novelty of it wears off, Rose will find that it is too much for her; but of course nobody could convince her so now. But Rose is sure to put her practice into use, and then I am positive she is

home with a new coat for your mother and one for Henry. You should see how proud this junior brother of yours was that it had a punch-back just like Joe's!

The high cost of living evidently has struck the hosp. as well as every place out side of it. I really became quite sick both yesterday and to-day — and why they should make us suffer is beyond me. Everyone complains the same. I am not going to stop for supper any-more — somehow the luncheon does not affect me as the suppers did. Isn't it an outrage for a city's in-stitution to treat folks so — especially when we are paying for it? You should see the milk — the meat I wouldn't eat — and coffee makes you think you are drinking boiled pepper — and the color quite matches the taste. If they don't improve things, I'll not eat there, for I think too much of my stomach to ruin it. Goodness knows what those poor mortals do who suffer with their stomach —

after, he says, if I choose to,
I can marry, and then stay there.
And the man that I marry must
pass his censorship - otherwise
well - I pity the poor fellow who
could ever get what he promises,
about you worry - he'll letter you,
I know. So often I want so badly
to tell him about you - I want to
talk about you all the time - for
I am never so happy as when I am
either talking or thinking about
you. He often tells me he is
suspicious of that party down Texas.

But as for Woborn Hall, I had
a delightful time there again to-day.
This nurse is lovely to me. Mr. Swalen
is too. He shows and teaches me
everything, shows me all about and
makes me feel so important. He
always tells me that I mustn't
get married - at least not for a
few years - Of course I tell him -
'Oh, no - otherwise he mayn't
teach me as he does - and I do so
like to learn as much as I can.

but I pretend absolute indifference
you know Joe, I only pretend it.

If only, you can come home soon.
In about a week I shall know, won't
I? You just keep up keeping those
creditors in their place — and
your uncle, too. Here's luck to
you — my sweetheart, Joe.

Not no letter to-day but
shall look for one to-morrow.
Hope it is another big fat one. And
don't forget that I didn't mean what
I wrote in my pressing letter —
but you tell me just how much
you ~~don't~~ like me. Longingly
Your Frances.